TIS Merrie when Goſsips meete..

AT LONDON,
Printed by *W. W.* and are to be ſold by *George Loftus* at the Golden Ball in *Pores-head* Alley.
1602.

GENTLEMEN.

CHaucer, *our famous reuer'nt Engliſh* Poet
When Canterbury *tales he doth begin,*
(Such as haue red his auncient verſes know it)
Found ſtore of Gueſts in South-warke *at an Inne,*
The Taberd *cal'd, where he himſelfe then lay,*
And bare them Pilgrimes company next day.

A Kentiſh iourney they togither tooke,
Towards Canterbury *marching nine and twentie*
Knight, Marchant, Doctor, Miller, Squire & Cooke,
Scholler, *and* Saylor, *with Good-fellowes plentie,*
But of blithe VVenches ſcarcitie he hath
Of all that Crue none but the wife of Bathe.

A London *Tauerne puts their Inne downe then*
VVherein three Citizens Wife, Widdow, Mayde,
Did kindely meete, and talke, and drinke like men,
And one ſpent more then ſixe of tother payde.
Not penny a quart, dull Ale, nor drowſie Beere
But ſpritely wine, that makes the wit ſhine cleere.

S. R.

A Conference betweene a Gentleman and a Prentice.

WHat lacke you Gentle-man? ſee a new Booke new come foorth, ſir: buy a new Booke ſir. *Prentice.*

New Booke ly'k: Faith I can ſee no prettie thing come foorth to my humours liking. There are ſome old Bookes that I haue more delight in then your new, if thou couldſt helpe me to them. *Gentleman.*

Troth ſir, I thinke I can ſhew you as many of all ſorts as any in *London*, ſir. *Prentice.*

Can'ſt helpe mee to all *Greenes* Bookes in one Volume? But I will haue them euery one, not any wanting. *Gentleman.*

Sirs I haue the moſt part of them, but I lacke *Conny-catching*, and ſome halfe dozen more: but I thinke I could procure them. There be in the Towne I am ſure can fit you: haue you all the Parts of *Paſquill*, ſir? *Prentice.*

All the Parts, why I know but two, and thoſe lye there vpon thy ſtalle; them I haue: but no other am I yet acquainted with. *Gentleman.*

Prentice. Oh, ſir, then you haue but his *Mad-cappe*, and his *Fooles-cappe*, there are others beſides thoſe: looke you heere, a prettie Booke Ile aſſure you ſir. T'is his *Melancholy*, ſir: and ther's another and you pleaſe ſir: heer's *Morall Philoſophy* of the laſt edition.

Gentleman. What's that with *Naſhes* name to it there?

Prentice. Marry ſir, t'is *Pierce Penny-leſſe*, ſir; I am ſure you know it: it hath beene a broad a great while ſir.

Gentleman. Oh, I thou ſay'ſt true, I know't paſſing well: is that it. But were's the new Booke thou tel'ſt me off, which is it?

Prentice. Marry, looke you ſir, this is a prettie odde conceit, Of a Merrie meeting heere in *London*, betweene a *Wife*, a *Widdow*, and a *Mayde*.

Gentleman. Merrie meeting, why, that Title is ſtale: Ther's a Booke cal'd, *T'is merry when knaues meete*. And ther's a Ballad, *T'is merry when Malt-men meete*: and beſides, there's an olde Prouerbe, *The more the merrier:* And therefore I thinke ſure I haue ſeene it.

Prentice. You are deceiued ſir, Ile aſſure you, for I will bee depoſed vpon all the Bookes in my Shoppe that

that you haue not ſeene it; t'is another manner of thing then you take it to bee, ſir: For I am ſure you are in Louſe, or at leaſt will bee, with one of theſe three: or ſay you deale but with two, The *Widdow* and the *Mayde*; becauſe the *Wife* is another mans commoditie: is it not a prettie thing to carry *Wife*, *Mayde*, and *Widdow* in your pocket, when you may as it were conferre and heare them talke togither when you will? nay more, drinke togither: yea, and that which is a further matter; vtter their mindes, chuſe Husbands, and cenſure Complections; and all this in a quiet and friendly ſort, betweene themſelues and the pinte-pot, or the quart quantitie, without any ſwaggering or ſquabbling, till the Vintners pewter-bearer in a Boyes humour gaue out the laugh at them.

Gentleman. Thou ſay'ſt well, be-like thy Booke is a coniuring kinde of Booke for the Femenine Spirits, when a man may rayſe three at once out of his pocket.

Prentice. Truely ſir, Ile aſſure you, you may make vertious vſe of this Booke diuers wayes, if you haue the grace

to vſe it kindly; as for enſample: ſit alone priuately in your Chamber reading of it, and peraduenture the time you beſtow in viewing it, will keepe you from Dice, Tauerne, Bawdy-houſe, and ſo foorth.

Gentleman. Nay, if your Booke be of ſuch excellent qualitie and rare operation, wee muſt needes haue ſome Traffique together. Heere take your money, i'ſt ſixe-pence?

Prentice. I certaine tis no leſſe, ſir: I thanke yee ſir.

Gentleman. What is this an Epiſtle to it?

Prentice. Yes for-ſooth: yes ti's Dedicated:

TO ALL THE PLEA-
ſant and conceited LONDON
Gentle-women that are friends to mirth,
and enemie to dull Melancholy.

To all the pleaſant conceited London
Gentlewomen, that are friendes to mirth,
and enemies to dull Melancholy.

KInde Gentlewomen of the kinder ſort,
VVhich are no kindred vnto dogged natures:
Though ſome of you keepe prettie Curs for ſport,
Yet you your ſelues become no curriſh creatures;
But in your mirth haue good conceipts and wittie,
True London *bred, in* England's *famous Cittie.*

To you this merry meeting is preſented,
As the beſt worthy for to entertaine it.
It ſcornes the fingers of the diſcontented,
And bids a figge for them that do diſdaine it:
Tis not for ſullen ſad-ones, peeuiſh braue,
That nothing but the Aſſes vertues haue.

The lumpiſh leaden melancholy thought,
That's next dore-neighbour to a frantique braine,
VVhoſe doltiſh vnderſtanding's good for nought,
And is an out-caſt to a pleaſaunt vaine:
Smyling as often as Powles-*ſteeple daunces;*
Let her goe lowre with crabbed Kate *and* Fraunces,

And take her liquor by the Dram and ounce
With Faith I cannot drinke, cry fie, and frowne,
Let her all good Societie renounce,
And turne a ſcurvey barren witted clowne:
She is too baſe, in any Common-wealth,
To be at drinking of a Goſsips *health.*

Let ſuch go keepe their chamber and their dyet,
And looke as pale as any Parris *plaſter,*
And let their huſbands neuer liue in quiet
Vnleſſe the Fanne and Farthing-vale be maſter:
And let them be queen at the beſt they can
Both croſſe-conſumers, and croſſe lucke to man.

Their liues are nothing els but fretfull humours;
They know not how to thinke a courteous thoughts
Their tongues are ſwolne with pride's corrupted tumors
Turne Inſide out-ward, all's (alike) ſtarke naught.
Then let them be caſheer'd and walke aloofe,
Such paltry wenches are not Charret-*prooſe.*

To the Gentle-women Readers.

But as for you good liquor taking Dames
That prone most friendly in your dayly greetings;
And do deserue right louing Gossips names,
The Pynt and quart being witnes to your meeting
Why much good do'e, may sit yee merry all,
For t'other Pynt to make it euen, cal.

Who hath to do with what you please to take,
It is well knowne to be your owne you spend
To euery foole account ye need not make,
You pay for that you haue and there an end:
There's many deale vpon the score for wine,
When they should pay forget the Vintners Syne.

You are like Dido *that same famous Queene*
That dranke a health vnto the wandring Prince;
Such a Carrowse, the like hath not beene seene
In Carthage, *to that houre nor euer since:*
She ply'd him with the Wine in golden Cup,
Turning the liquor in the bottome vp.

To the Gentle-women Readers.

So did Semiramis, *King* Ninus *wife,*
VVhen she obtayn'd three dayes to rule the Crowne
She proou'd a good companion all her life,
And hand to hand dranke all her Nobles downe:
And all chiefe VVenches at a Gossips feast,
She made them Laayes euery one at least.

Cato, *for wisedome being surnam'd the* Wise,
The learned and the witty sentence speaker,
Did marrie one iust of the Gossips sise:
And in discretion neuer sought to breake her:
Though he the art of knowledge did professe,
She would not drinke a droppe of VVine the lesse.

Therefore you shall not greatly need to care,
For euery busie tongue that doth abuse you:
But if that in a priuate roome you are,
And haue a Drawer that good VVine will chuse you,
VVith frolique myrth this measure still applie,
Tune your Tongues low, take not a Cuppe too hie.

FINIS.

In Commendation of this Booke.

I Cannot tell how others will thee like,
But my conceit is thou art paſsing wittie:
No viperous tongue thy pleaſant vayne will ſtrike;
And if they ſhould, (in fayth) the more t'were pittie.
Thou meddl'ſt not with *VVines* which ciuill bee,
But *Widdowes* wanton; *Mayaes* of meanſt degree:
What reaſon then haue enuious, enuie thee?

Thou art not ſeated in a ſumptuous Chaire,
Nor do thy Lines import of Maieſtie:
Thy table is not deckt with coſtly fayre,
Thy ſeruants at a call, Anon will crie:
In deed thy drinke is (Spirit, Vigor, Life,
No ſpurre to Enuie, nor no prop for Strife)
Good Wine which cheer's a *VViddow*, *Mayde*, or *Wife*.

Thou art not thwack't with baudy riball'd ſtuffe,
Nor dooſt thou touch in ought a vertuous creature,
Thou need'ſt not care though Vice at thee do ſnuffe,
A vicious man is like a fyrie Meature,
Which ſhewes farre off a terror to the eye:
Yet as a flaſh of lightning ſoone doth dye:
But thou of Mirth and not of heat art framed,
A *Goſsips friendly meeting* art thou named.

Ioh. Strange.

Tis merrie vvhen

Goſsips meete.

The Conference.

GOod dea'ne ſweet Couſen, *Ieſu!* how de'e do? *Widdow.*
When ſhall we eate another *Dagger Frye*?
You are a ſtranger: *Chriſt!* when met we two?
I muſe you do not call as you go by:
What luckie buſinelle pra'y hath brought you hither
That we ſhould meete at *Tauerne-doore* together,

In trueth (kinde Couſſe) my comming's from the *Pawne*, *Wife.*
But I proteſt I loſt my labour theare:
A *Gentle-man* promi'ſt to giue me Lawne,
And did not meete me, which he well ſhall heare.
Some lets may happen in the way vnknown. *vvid.*
He hath beene hindred that's to bide vpon. *Wife.*

Why how now *Beſſe*, to paſſe vnſeene do'ſt thinke? *VVid.*
Where go'ſt my wench (*Beſſe*) To ſee my brother *Steuen*.
Heer's *Widdow*, *Wife* and *Mayde*: E'faith lets drinke
A parting Pynt, and ſo God make vs euen:
Slippe in good Couſen, you are next the doore,
Won Pynt of Kindneſſe and away no more.

'Tis merry when

Wife. No in good faith: in troth I muſt away,
My Husband's forth, our Shoppe muſt needes be tended.
Mayd. My Mothers gone to Church, I cannot ſtay:
If I be found from home, ſhee'le be offended.
Widd. Ile leade the way my ſelfe: Lord heer's a life,
I know theſe ſhifts ſince I was *Mayde* and *Wife*.

Where ſhall we bee (*Vint.*) I pray go vp the ſtaires.
Wife. Good Couſen no, let's take it ſtanding heere.
Widd. Beſhrew me then; where euery one repayres,
Ile none of that, wee'le haue a roome my deere.
Come, come, you looke that I ſhall be your leader,
Wife. Couſſe, that's becauſe you are a nimble treader.

Vint. Y'are welcome *Gentle-Women:* what Wine drinke ye?
Wid. All's one to me: what ſay you miſtris *Beſſe?*
Wife. What Wine's the beſt for our complections thinke ye?
Vint. I haue no Phiſicke. (*Wife.*) Yet good brother geſſe.
Wid. Why, ha'ſt good Clarret? (*Vint.*) I, the beſt in *London*.
Wife. Either fill good: be briefe: or leaue't vndon.

Heere

Goſsips meete.

Heere *Gentle-women* this is neate and pure. *Wint.*
Pra'y taſte it Couſſe, you know good Wine and Beere. *VVife.*
Good Lord, good Lord that you grow ſo demure. *VVid.*
Let's drinke familier, wherefore come we heere?
This to you both, Couſſe *Grace*, and miſtreſſe *Beſſe*;
A full Carowſe, Ile haue you pledge no leſſe.

T'is pretie wine in trueth: nay fill your Cup,
Wee'le haue no pinching now we are alone,
If here were men I would not drinke it vp
For twentie pounds my ſelfe, but now al's one:
Someime wet lip, and ſmell the wine's enough,
And leeſe a kiſſe, rather then marre our ruffe.

But now let's barre diſſembling to be merrie
And in good earneſt entertaine our wine:
This touch and taſte, makes the ſences wearie,
What reaſon now wee ſhould be fooliſh fine?
No louer nor no ſuter's here that ſees-it:
We haue good time, and liquor, let's not leeſe-it.

Tis merrie vvhen

Wife. Content (ſay I) nay *Beſſe*, Ile be thy ſkinker.
Mayd. In trueth (for-ſooth) a full cup doth excell,
Good Lord, I am become a mightie drinker.
Wid. Another pint: the fellow vſ'd vs well.
VVife. I by my troth the wine is good in trueth,
Fill t'other pint (*Wid.*) Pre'thee go right ſweet youth.

VVid. Now Cuſſe, heere's to our ſtriendes in *Soper-lane*.
Wife. Let come ſweete Couſen, I will pledge them all.
VVid. But *Ieſu-Chriſt*! what is become of *Iane*?
VVife. Oh, ſhe is gone to dwell by *London-wall*.
VVid. Good God (in ſooth) I neuer was more merry
Then when we both did dwell in *Bucklers-berry*.

Now heau'nly Chriſt, how pleaſant we haue bin:
But yet won time we had a cruell ſtirre,
A Drapers man and ſhe were mighty in.
VVife. I pra'y, what ſhe with him, or he with her?
VVid. Fayth both in loue: well *Iane's* an honeſt Mayde,
But Lord the prankes that we mad-wenches playde.

My

Goſsips meete.

My Miſtreſſe got my Maiſter to conſent
One Midſommer, ſhee beeing very ill,
To leaue the Cittie, and goe lie in *Kent*,
By which good hap we had the houſe at will.
There *Roger*, *Iane*, and I, met euery night.
Heere *Beſſe*: good brother fill's a quart of White. *Wife.*

No Muſique in the euenings we did lacke, *Wid.*
Such daunc.ing, Couſſen, you would hardly thinke itt
Whole pottles of the daintieſt burned Sacke,
T'would do a Wench good at the hart to drinke it,
Such ſtore of tickling Gallhardes, I do vow
Not an olde daunce, but *Ihem come kiſſe me now.*

And let them talke and prayſe the marriage life
To be full of pleaſure, as they ſay,
I that haue liu'd both *Widdow*, *Maide*, and *Wife*,
And try'd all pleaſures euery kinde of way
Know what to doo: and will maintaine this ſtill,
That of the three, *Maydes* haue the world at will.

Wife. E'faith they haue, and haue not, for you know:
(Put to the doore her's none but friends you ſee)
They ſay loue creepeth where it cannot go,
Maydes muſt be married, leaſt they mar'd ſhould bee.
I will be ſworne, before I ſaw fifteene,
I wiſh't that I my wedding day had ſeene.

Tuſh tittle, tatle: *Beſſe*, it muſt be done,
My couſin thinkes not as her words import
I could not for a world haue liu'd a Nun:
Oh, fleſh is frayle, we are a ſinfull ſort.
I know that beauteous wenches are enclinde,
To harbour hanſome men within their minde.

Couſen you meane becauſe a *Mayde* is free,
Hauing no head to keepe her body vnder
She liues a life not bound ſo much as wee,
The ieſt is ſimple and it makes me wonder
That you which haue with *Venus* ſports beene fed,
Should put ſuch errours in a *Maydens* he d.

Nay

Goſsips meete.

Nay, but I pray you vnderſtand my reaſon: *Wid.*
The youthfull fauours that they do attaine,
For this you know that all the woing ſeaſon
Sutors with gifts continuall ſeeke to gaine
Their Mittreſſe loue, to ioine with their affection
With words and Lyes, humbled in all ſubiection.

That's very true, the bountie of their Loues *Wife.*
Are lib'rall ſtill with many a kinde reſpect,
In conſcience I had tweentie paire of Gloues
When I was *Mayde* giu'n to that effect:
Garters Knives, Purſes, Girdles, ſtore of Rings,
And many a hundred daintie pretie things.

Well, Couſen well, thoſe daies in date be paſt, *Wid.*
'Tis very true with vs that world doth change. *Wife.*
Here ſtands a Cup of wine, pra'y who dranke laſt? *Wid.*
Why that did I to *Beſſes* Lord I *Maydes* be ſtrange,
They looke for thouſand words of ſweet and pray
And take few things to which they ſay not nay.

Tis merry when

Mayde. T'is *Maydens* modeſtie to vſe denyall,
A willing offer commeth twice or thrice.
Wid. Put here's a cup of Wine doth ſtand for tryall,
Your Mayden-ſhip takes liquor in too nice:
Pray mende your fault, kinde *Beſſe*, wee'le none of that,
Wine and Virginitie kept ſtale, drinke flat:

Mayde. You are to blame, in trueth we drinke like men,
Now by my truely I am e'ne aſhamed.
Wid. Tut wench, God knowes when we ſhall meete agen:
Nor neede we feare of husbandes to be blamed,
Our cent of Wine, ſhall not by them be felt,
The married Wife in kiſſing will be ſmelt.

Wife. Oh Cuſſe if that be all the worſt, I care not,
Ile take allowance euen with the beſt:
This cup to you, you ſhall not ſay I dare not:
My Husband ſmell; oh *Ieſu*, there's a ieſt,
I care as little for my Husbands ſmelling,
As any Wench this houre in London dwelling.

T'is

Goſsips meete.

T'is well you need not: ſure I take him kinde. *Wid.*
As kinde a man as woman need to lie-with. *Wife.*
Would I as well were fitted to my minde, *Mayde.*
A louing Man who would not liue and die with?
My Husband did to other Loues encline. *vvid.*
Nay, mine is conſtant by this cup of Wine. *Wife.*

Now Chriſt, how *Wiues* and *Widdowes* take occaſions *Mayd.*
T'inlarge their Husbandes crie'ites, or diſprayſe:
Some harbour iealous thoughtes, ſome kinde perſwaſions:
In ſome match men, in ſome the women ſtrayes:
And when they meete, they do diſcourſe and ſcan
About whoſe choyce hath got the kindeſt man.

Alas (good *Beſſe*) thou ſpeak'ſt thou know'ſt not what, *Wife.*
Thy iudgement is not worth a Wallnut-ſhell:
There's an old graue Prouerbe tell's vs that
Such as die *Maydes*, doe all lead Apes in hell:
I rather while I liue, would yeerely marry,
Then waighting-mayde on ſuch preferment tarry.

Tis merry when

Mayde. That Prouerbs proofe can do you little ſtead:
But married *Wiues* oft giue and take ſuch claps,
Tamus ſo rules and guides their husbands head,
That euery night they ſleepe in Horne-worke caps:
I pra'y what Prouerbe is it that allowes
The Diuels picture on your husbands browes.

Wid. Enough you wrangling wenches, fie for ſhame:
Take me in drinke, leaue out our diſputation.
Pra'y brother, fill a pynt more of the ſame.
Wife. Couſen, belike you meane to drinke in faſhion,
We ſhall be trim'd and haue our wits refin'de
E'faith we ſhall, if you may haue your minde.

Wid. Now to your husband Couſſe, this full Carrowſe,
Wife. In trueth I pleadge you, and I thanke you truelie;
To all our friends *Beſſe*, at your mothers houſe,
Mayde. Thankes gentle Miſtreſſe *Grace*, I dranke but newlie.
Wife. Beſhrew my heart this wine is not the wotſt,
Wid. Good-faith me-thinkes t'is better then the firſt.

But

Goſsips meete.

But Couſſen, pre-thee art not yet toward marriage? *Wife.*
Truely I am, and am not as it ſtands: *Wid.*
A *Gentle-man* of paſsing gallant carr'age
Doth ply me hard, won that ha's prette lands:
Hanſomer man neuer in ſhooe did tread,
By this good drinke, a kinder ne're broke bread.

To try his loue ſometimes I faine me ſicke,
And by this Candle he will ſit and weepe.
Now by my troth that's e'ne my Good-mans tricke, *Wife.*
Let me complaine: *Chriſt* what a quoyle heele keepe,
Asking what ailes my ſweet-heart, tell mee honnie,
My Loue, my Doue, my Lambe, my pretty Connie.

See, ſee, how ſa'y: but ſirra Couſſen than *Widd.*
I force a ſigh with halfe a douzen grones:
This comes (ſayes he) to lie without a man,
My Husband ſayes, kinde Loue thou breed'ſt yong bones *Wife.*
Well *Iohn* (ſay I) you ieſt to ſee my paine,
Then by this wine, the foole will weepe againe.

Tis merrie vvhen

Wid. Couſſe, you are happie you haue ſuch a one,
Make much of him: a iewell Wench thou haſt
But I had won would let me grone, and grone,
The verieſt Clowne; but well, tis gone and paſt,
If he had liu'd Couſſen, I do proteſt
I would haue done a thing: well, let that reſt.

Ile neuer truſt a red-hair'd man againe,
If I ſhould liue a hunered yeeres that's flat,
His turne can not be ſeru'd with one or twaine:
And how can any woman ſuffer that?
I know t'is better to take wrong then do it,
But yet in ſuch a caſe fleſh leades vs to it.

Mayd. Why, is a red-hair'd man ſo bad of life?
What ſay you to a yellow flaxen haire?
Wid. Not won among a hundred trew t'his Wife,
That conſtant loyall-harted thoughts doth beare.
They loue, but how? as did the youth of *Greece*,
From euery Wench to gaine a golden Fleece.

And

Goſsips meete.

And they whoſe mindes haue this corrupt infection,
(Becauſe I would haue *Beſs* to take good heede)
Are ſuch as be call'd *Sanguine* of complexion,
I pre-thee Girle, let no ſuch Sutor ſpeede.
I ſpeake it by experience and good tryall,
Of all haire-colours giue that haire deniall.

A *Nut-browne* colour, or an *Abourne* either
May both do well, and are to be allow'd:
A *Waxen*-colour hath no great fault neither,
But for a ragged chin I firme haue vow'd,
It ſhall by me perpetuall be abhor'd,
And with my heeles I ſcorne it by the Lord.

A man whoſe beard ſeemes ſear'd with ſprites t'haue bin,
That wants the bountious grace, length, bredth, & thicknes
And hath no difference twixt his nole and chin,
But all his haires haue got the falling ſicknes,
Whoſe fore-front lookes like Iack-an Apes behinde,
She that can loue him beares a ſcruuey-minde.

Tis merrie vvhen

Wife. I pra'y what ſay you to my husband then?
Vvid. The rar'ſt complection that you can deuiſe:
The golden Sentence proues blacke-bearded men
Are precious pearles in beauteous womens eies:
Their loyall hearts none iuſtly can controule,
I loue a blacke-man, couſen, with my ſoule.

Wife. Let *Beſſe* note this, for when I was a *Mayd*,
And to the loue of men began to bow,
I gaue great eare to that which women ſayd,
When they were merry met as we are now:
Yea, and my mother did perſwade me too,
Wench (would ſhe ſay) note what your elders doo.

That Leſſon without booke was ſtraight mine owne,
Shee needed not repeate it ouer twice:
I quickly ſmelt what t'was to liue alone,
What to be kinde in Loue, what to be nice.
Vint. Anan, anan; what i'ſt (for-ſooth) you lacke?
vvid. Sauceages, brother, and a pynt of Sacke.

N

Goſsips meete.

No more in ſadneſſe, now t'is time to part, *Mayd.*
In conſcience it is ſixe a clocke at leaſt.
Wee'le haue a reckoning after t'other quart. *Wid.*
They ſay enough's as good as any feaſt. *Mayde.*
Indeede my wench, enough's a feaſt that's right. *Wid.*
But we want that, which lie alone all night.

You both may mend that matter when you will, *Wife.*
Whoſe fault i'ſt but your owne, you do not marrie?
God made not *Beſſe* to liue a *Mayden* ſtill,
Faith t'is my mothers counſell that I tarrie: *Mayd.*
She alwaies ſaies when yong men come a woing,
Stay daughter, ſtay: you muſt not yet be doing.

Now in good faith your mother is to blame *Wid.*
To wiſh ſo womanly a wench to ſtay.
She knowes fifteene may husband iuſtlie clame.
Fifteene! why I was that laſt *Lady-day*: *Mayde.*
You are deceiu'd for I am no ſuch youth,
I am ſixteene, when next *March* comes in truth.

Tis merry when

Wid. Beſhrew my hart but that's a goodly time,
I would to *Chriſt* that I could ſay ſo too,
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,
Nor ſtand and aske my mother what to doo.
No, I could tell I trow, as well as ſhee,
Toward *Batchellers* how *Maydens* ought to bee.

Mayde. I, I know ſome thing too: but what of that?
Our Parents willes (you know) muſt be obay'd.
Wife. Well, ſay they muſt: yet ſhall I tell you what
A Scholler tolde me when I was a Mayde:
Of marriage knot they haue no power to breake-it:
Now by this Sacke, a Learned man did ſpeake-it.

Wid. T'was nothing but ſound trueth which he did tell,
For Husbands, we our Parents muſt forſake.
Wife. Were this Wine burn'd Couſſen, it would do well,
Wid. Fayth I was thinking on it when you ſpake,
Mayde. My mother ſayes burnt Sacke is good at night.
Wid. A'my word *Breſſe*, your mother's in the right.

Brother

Goſsips meete.

Brother, I pre-thee let this Wine be burn'd, *Wife.*
And ſee (good youth) the Sauceages be ready,
To one good meaning our three mindes be turn'd,
When Sacke is ſugerd t'will not be ſo heady.
We drinke ſo much my cheekes are paſsing warme.
Sweete *Eliſabeth*, good Wine can do no harme. *Mayde. Wife.*

Yet truſt me Couſſen, when I was a Girle,
For Tauerne, no Young-man could get me to-it
Neither for loue, gold, precious ſtones, or pearles
My tongue deney'd when heart Inclyn'd to do it.
For by my fayth I euer lou'd good Wine,
But oft refrain'd, I was ſo *Mayden*-fine.

Well wot you *Beſſe*, to whom Ile drinke too now, *Wid.*
Sure as I liue, vnto your ſiſter *Siſſe*,
And to the Youth that did the Angell bow,
And ſent it for a token: trueth halfe this:
He loues you both, vpon my word he doth,
Reſolue it, or you wrong him *Beſſe*, in ſoth.

'Tis merry when

Mayde. His loue to me I little do regard,
Perhaps my ſiſter doth reſpect it more.
Wid. Then *Eſſabeth* in truth you vſe him hard.
Mayde. How hard? he had his anſwere long before:
I will not loue him what ſo e're befall,
Ile haue a hanſome man, or none at all.

Wid. Go too, go too, his riches do excell.
Mayde. A Fig for wealth, t'is perſon I affect.
Wid. You are a foole: he will maintaine you well,
Mayde. I tell you, I a proper man reſpect:
De'e thinke that I with ſuch a dwarffe will ſtore-me,
That ſhall diſgrace me when he goes before-me?

Ile haue a comelie man from head to foote,
I whoſe neate limbes no blemiſh can be ſpi'd
Whoſe leg ſhall grace his ſtocking or his boote,
And weare his rapier manlie by his ſide:
With ſuch a one my humour doth agree,
He ſhall be welcome to my bed and me.

Goſsips meete.

Marry wee'le beare you witnes when you will, *Wid.*
Ile take my oath on twentie Table-bookes,
The laſt full cup hath made you mightie ill:
Some *Roſſa-ſolis:* ſee how pale ſhe lookes,
Another pynt of that ſhe taſted laſt,
To breake winde with, and then the worſt is paſt.

Good (efayth) good, my Cuſſe is in the vaine, *Wife.*
Ile match you for it, wench, I hold a Crowne,
Fill none vnleſſe you'le drinke about againe.
Content, ſay I, you cannot put me downe. *Wid.*
How ſay'ſt thon *Beſſe*, ſhall it be ſo girle, ſpeake?
If I make one, pray God my girdle breake. *Mayd.*

Talke not ſo loude, what will folke thinke that heares? *Wife.*
The very Vintners Boy laugh'd when you ſpake,
Had I ſeene that, I would haue found his eares: *Widd.*
Why maiſter Boy, wee'le pay for that we take,
Baſe groome, I ſay, although thou tak'ſt me mellow,
Know ſmooth fac'd Knaue, I am your Miſtreſſe fellow.

Tis merry when

Wife. Good Lord! what ayles my couſen be ſo hot?
Tuſh, let it paſſe, you know Boyes ſawcie be.
Widd. It ſhall not be forgiuen nor forgot:
Your maiſter liues (you ſlaue) by ſuch as we,
Call for a reck'ning: let's know what's to pay,
By heau'ns, I ſcorne a minute more to ſtay.

Brother, I pra'y, is it your Maiſters minde,
Your fellow Boy ſhould flout gueſts when they drinke?
Vint. My maiſters will is for to vſe you kinde.
Wid. T'will ſcath him more my friend, then he do think:
What is thy name? (*Vint.*) Forſooth, an't pleaſe yee, *vvill.*
Wid. What Countreyman? (*Vint.*) Forſooth, at Fiſhſtreet hill.

VVilliam, we come not heere to be abuſed,
There are more Tauerns beſide your's in towne,
Wee can go where we might be courteous vſed,
Vint. In truth forſooth my fellowes but a Clowne.
Wid. *VVilliam*, we haue ſome credit where we dwell:
And *William*, Boyes ſhould vſe their betters well.

For

Goſsips meete.

For *VVilliam*, ſay the caſe were but your owne
And that you were as we are at this ſeaſon
With friends a drinking where you are not knowne
Would you be flouted? (*Vin.*) By my faith no reaſon.
William, thou anſwer'lt like a Youth of ſence, *VVid.*
For ſurely *VVilliam*, t'is a great offence.

And *William*, I would haue you vnderſtand,
We'le pay your Maiſter for the wine we haue:
O Lord forſooth, as ſure as in my hand. *Vin.*
William, wee come not to entreat or craue: *VVid.*
Wee met togither *VVilliam*, at your doore,
And entred for a pynt, which falles out more.

William, we will not be beholding (ſee-yee)
Vnto your Maiſter more then to another:
T'is for good Wine and welcome, we come tee-yee,
Or farewell *VVilliam*, and you were my brother.
And therefore *VVilliam*, this abuſe we ſcorne,
For we are *London Gentle-women* borne.

Tis merry when

Wid. Good *William*, know't heer's neither *Cisse* nor *Kate*,
Vint. No, ſo God helpe me, I do ſee you are not.
Wid. Thinkes ſawce your fellow, we'vſe Parrots prate,
William, our talke is honeſt, and we care not
If all the Pariſh were in place to heare it.
No, by this Cup. (*Vint.*) Efaith you need not ſweare it.

Vint. Forſooth, I truſt your wine was very good.
Wid. *William*, I grant, the wine was not amiſſe,
But that baſe Boy, hath vext me to the blood,
A man, *VVilliam*, would neere haue offer'd this:
The Prouerbe ſayes t'is manners that doth make it
VVilliam, *Giue gueſts good words for maunners ſake.*

VVilliam, when cam'ſt thou in this houſe to dwell
Vint. Forſooth about three yeeres agon, laſt *May*.
Wid. *VVilliam*, ſerue God, and pleaſe thy maſter well,
T'will be thine owne *vvilliam*, an other day.
Your maiſter's marri'd, *vvilliam*, is he not?
Vint. Yes forſooth, yes, a miſtreſſe I haue got.

vvill.

Goſsips meete.

William, your Maiſter hath no children by-her? — *Widdow.*
No, forſooth, but I thinke ſhe be with childe, — *Um.*
To haue a Boy ſhe hath a great deſire.
So would not I, *William*, for Boyes be wilde, — *Wid.*
Though Girles cry, *William*, till they be bepiſt,
William, giue me a Girle, take boyes who liſt.

Couſen you do forget your ſelfe, me-thinke,
When *Beſſe* and I come home, we ſhall be chid. — *Wife.*
Pray fill the cup to *William*, let him drinke. — *Widdow.*
In trueth forſooth t'is the laſt thing I did. — *Vnt.*
Good *William*, drinke t I pree-thee *William*, doo. — *Wife.*
Forſooth I pledge you, and I thanke ye too. — *Vnt.*

William, let's know to pay and theres an end, — *vvid.*
Marry, forſooth three ſhillings and a penny. — *Vnt.*
VVilliam, lay downe their mony, none ſhall ſpend — *vvid.*
Couſen, and *Beſſe*, pra'y do not offer any.
Harke, Bow-bell rings, before the Lord tis late,
William, good night, pree-thee take vp thy plate.

FINIS. *S. R.*